One Shilling net

Cloth, 2/- net

MAPLE LEAF MEN

AND OTHER WAR GLEANINGS

BY

ROSE E. SHARLAND

Author of

"Exmoor Lyrics," "Voices of Dawn,"

"Ballads of Old Bristol," etc.

BRISTOL

J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD.

LONDON

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL [illegible] & CO. LTD.

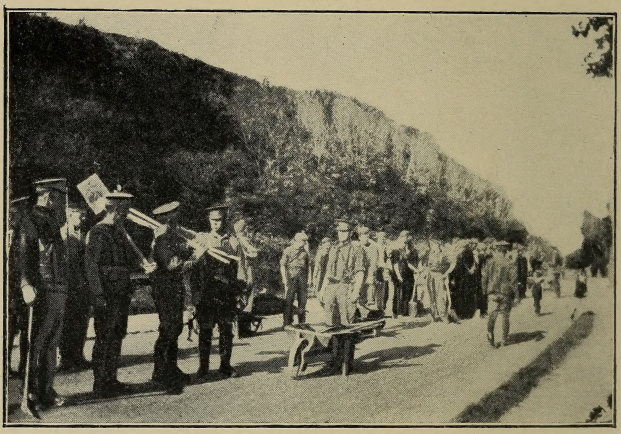
1608

Walters p 180

MAPLE LEAF MEN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/mapleleafmenothe00shar



CANADIANS AT FOLKESTONE.

All rights reserved

Maple Leaf Men

AND OTHER WAR GLEANINGS

BY

ROSE E. SHARLAND

AUTHOR OF
"EXMOOR LYRICS," "VOICES OF DAWN," "BALLADS OF OLD BRISTOL"
ETC.

BRISTOL
J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD., QUAY STREET
LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & COMPANY LIMITED

1916

Contents.

	Page
Sonnet: Empire	7
The Maple Leaf Men	9
From the Yukon Down	11
The March Past	13
The Colours (P.P.C.L.I.)	16
The Love of Women	19
Love in Wartime	21
The Spy	23
Home on Leave	25
The Canteen	26
The Horse that went away	29
Hope	31
Ballad of the Clover Leaf	33
Pro Patria	36
Mine Sweepers	38

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Destroyer	41
The White Ship	43
The Camp of the Cæsars	45
The Night Sky	47
Daughters of Joy	49
The Dance of the Swallows	52
Plum Picking	54
The Dispatch-Rider	57
The Airman	59
Boat Trains	63
The Partings	66
Sweet Canadian Brides	70
The Woman's Lament	72
War Gleanings	74
Fear	75
The Woman's Part	76
The Unattained	77
Sentimental Pilgrims	79
The Hospital Concert	83
Hymn of Love to England	87

Empire.

BECAUSE, O Mother Britain, you have used
Your power to weld the forces of the world,
To build and bind, wherever was unfurled
Your flag, nor suffered strength to be abused.
Your wealth, resources, intellect were all
To knit together rather than destroy:
In this we see your glory, pride and joy,
For Love has answered to your rallying call
One Flag, the symbol of the one ideal,
The unifying and constructive plan,
The world-desire since ever Thought began
Man's progress to some splendid commonweal,
On this, O Britain, have you set your seal.
In you begins the Brotherhood of Man.

The Maple Leaf Men.

OH, the Maple Leaf men were ten thousand times ten,
They rushed to their old Mother's need,
Like torrents that flow from great mountains of snow,
Like tempests from winter's clutch freed.
Oh, the pride of the race came with joy in their face,
From prairie, pine-forest and glen,
England's pulses were stirred when that tramping she heard,
The march of the Maple Leaf men.

Oh, by Ypres was a hell and the Maple Leaves fell
Like autumn's bright blooms to the ground,
Yet they would not retreat though the fierce battle beat
In fire, bomb and gas all around.

They had faced Death before, and one chance
less or more
They feared not so pain should be brief;
They were strong to endure, and they held the
line sure
For the sake of the old Maple Leaf.

Then three cheers give again to the Maple Leaf
men,
To the symbol of freedom they wear,
To the leal lads and true who will see the thing
through,
To the boys who are sleeping out there.
For old Britain shall praise these her sons all her
days,
Who brought their ten thousand times ten,
Tiger-swift to her aid, happy-eyed, unafraid,
Magnificent Maple Leaf men.

From the Yukon Down.

WE love the bright Canadian boys, oh, we
love them every one,
So fine, erect, with their eyes alight, and their
faces to the sun.
In Stetson hat or Glengarry cap, in khaki or
tartan kilt,
They left their fair adopted land and the homes
their hands had built,
From the Rockies lone to the five great Lakes,
from B.C. to Montreal town,
One surging band for the Motherland, they came
from the Yukon down.

We see the brown Canadian boys, and marvel
that they should come,
Leaving home and all for the bugle-call and the
lure of the martial drum,
For a life of hardship and sharp commands, of
dangers by land and sea,
They yielded freedom and wealth and joy that
others may yet go free.

Adventuring forth from the south and north, of
manhood the flower and crown,
One surging band for the Motherland they came
from the Yukon down.

We honour the brave Canadian boys who proved
on the Flanders field
The love they had for the old Homeland, and
died for their compact sealed.
They rose as one when the clear call came, and
said, " We can do no less ;
Our Mother calls to her far-off sons for help in
her day of stress.
We loved her well when her skies were blue,
but, oh ! now the dark clouds frown,
One surging band for the Motherland we come
from the Yukon down."

The March Past.

IT was a night when the sense of sight is almost useless, and that of hearing becomes intensely acute. It had been a mother-of-pearl and opal day, and the white fog still wrapped the sea and dulled the outlines on shore when night fell.

Through the silence came the regular melancholy lowing of the fog-horn, like some desolate cow that had lost her young on those dim, grey fields of mist. An insistent throbbing told us listeners that a boat lay somewhere in the dimness waiting.

Then came a stealthy tramping — the shuffling, half-regular movement of a vast multitude of trained men; here and there a voice among them, moving on and on, more and more, ever on, into the all-enfolding night.

It was the Canadians going to the war! Our straining eyes could just see a massed bulk

like dark ghosts, steadily moving on. Here and there a horse, looking immense in the gloom, passed slowly, his rider calling a "Halt!" to the surging tide that flowed onwards to the narrow pier gates. An occasional flashlight gleamed for a moment. A chorus—the harmonics rising and falling melodiously—was started, and taken up by more and more voices, and ever the steady accompaniment, the eager tramp! tramp! of the marching feet. It was an old war-song they sang, running off into a modern music-hall ditty. But for the most part there was silence, save for that hushed movement on and on—to the deadly work ahead.

From the dark balconies of the houses, for lights are put out when the brave boys march away, lest prowling submarines guess their progress over the dim waters, came stifled cries of greeting. Cheery "Good-nights," "Many happy returns!" "Bravo! Bravo!" hand-clapping, and from Belgians who had seen war, between their sobs: "Vive les Canadiens!" Girls' voices called "Hurrah! Hurrah! Dear boys! Brave boys, come back to us, won't you?" And like the wail of Death itself, the syren calling, calling.

Still they pass on, a solid mass; on and on

unwavering through the black night. The sound of kisses and a woman's cry rises, as a lighter figure walks for a moment with the marching men. It is her last few moments with him.

From the windows a woman's voice rises shrilly: "Are we down-hearted?" Like magic a great thundering "No!" bursts from the stealthy moving mass, and a laugh, the first in that impressive hour, rings in manly chorus from the ranks.

And ever the shriek of the syren, till we tremble and the hot tears gather, as the march past goes on and on into the silence. The bells ring hurriedly on the waiting ships: "Come! Come! Come! Come!" they say.

The fog-horn punctuates the air with its hopeless knell. There are some boys there who will never return.

O Charon, give to these a swift and easy passage over the chill waters into the eternal mists.

The Colours.

(Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.)

"A Princess wrought it me."
SHAKESPEARE.

ALL fine and dandy in the sun
Those Colours looked that she had done,
And then she smiled on us each one
The Princess Pat.
A pretty Lady she sure wuz,
And Gee! we meant to win becuz
She was expecting it of us,
Was Princess Pat.

From lumber camp and mine we came,
From west to east, and none could tame
Us boys that bore her pretty name,
The "Princess Pats."
The "goods," they came to call us soon,
For fight we would, night, morn and noon.
But Sakes! it wern't no honeymoon
For "Princess Pats."

Out there in France we thought it fine
To be the first to hold the line,
And hear the bullets buzz and whine
O'er " Princess Pats."
But Glory ! It was good and hot,
When once those Bosches knew they 'd got
The Empire's wildest for their shot,
The " Princess Pats."

" CAN—ADA ? ADA—CAN ! " cried we,
And hung our flag in mockery
Above the trench for them to see
'Twas " Princess Pats."
We saw some rage I tell you then,
They fired and cursed and fired again,
" Come out and fetch it ! " cried our men,
It 's " Princess Pats."

'Twas life those Colours saw you bet,
Shell, bomb and gas, mud, fire and wet,
But still they graced our parapet,
For " Princess Pats."
We held our ground, we would not yield,
And for the Empire kept that field ;
With blood our love for it was sealed,
By " Princess Pats."

Believe me, we were kind o' mazed,
When down that corpse-strewn field we gazed,
Where still the tattered banner blazed
For Princess Pat.
Blood-stained it hung above the grave
Of those who died their flag to save,
Torn in that dreadful battle-wave,
O'er " Princess Pats."

The " homestead " that we dug was deep,
And there we left them to their sleep,
But we, we have their trust to keep
For " Princess Pats."
One hundred of us left of all
That rallied to that battle-call,
But never did that Banner fall,
Of " Princess Pats."

Not near so dandy now or grand,
The Colours worked by her own hand,
But my ! the glory of that stand,
By " Princess Pats."
And oh ! the glory of that day,
When sure we held our foes at bay,
For her that bade us lead the way,
Our Princess Pat.

The Love of Women.

THE girl with the soft eyes, like those of a shy woodland creature, was tired. Her head, with its dark auburn hair, drooped, and the evening light fell on its beauty of burnished curls and coils.

"*Elle est bien fatiguée,*" said her mother. And in slow French for our un-nimble English brains she told their story.

"We have journeyed many days. We live south-west of Brussels. Everywhere are the Germans. They say, 'Where are you going?'" This with a frown and a bristling severity to show how Kultur addresses its captives.

"I have a son in the trenches, and my daughter a *fiancé*, and it is not safe for the young girls to live where the Germans are. We wish to see my son, and have come a long way. I would like to leave my daughter in France.

"*O mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* It is terrible, this war."

The tragedy of waiting and wondering brooded in her eyes—the patient, agonised look grown so common in these days in the faces of women.

" See, madame," she continued, " here was a bridge and six Germans on it, and beneath a river flowed. We jumped in the stream and swam across ; a gentleman threw over a valise to us. We walked into the shadow, and on the far side of the stream was barbed wire. Look, my hand was torn by it." A long scar down to the wrist bore silent testimony. " We walked for eleven hours through woods in the darkness. *Montrez vos pieds, Jeanne,*" the mother commanded. The girl with the shy look hesitated, and then drew off her shoes and stockings.

Oh, those poor feet ! Bruised, torn and cut, and the soles brown and blistered. Hot tears gathered in all eyes at the horror of fragile women facing unknown adventures for love of their dear ones in the trenches. Not even the certainty of seeing them is theirs. Yet they risk all for the hope.

And in the eyes of the Belgian mother and her sweet-eyed daughter we saw the divine light of woman-love, the haunting sadness of hers who was called the Mother of Sorrows.

Love in Wartime.

WHEN the pretty Belgian girl began a little *chanson* of spring and love, we knew she had received letters with good news from her lover in the trenches. The song ran :—

> "It is lovely to be twenty and pretty
> In the Maytime."

Her face was all alight with the joy of it—hers whose eyes had seen the capture of her native village by the Huns ; who had hidden in a cellar for days with pepper-boxes ready for German eyes should they find her ; she who had made her face as old and ugly as possible, since she had beheld the mutilated corpses of four young girls like herself—and it is better to be an aged hag there than a fair maid. And all those long days no word from the lover. But now three letters had come, closely-written sheets, telling her to hasten to him, since he had left the trenches for a town in their rear, and could meet her there.

"Come quickly," he said, "that I may kiss

your beautiful face and your glorious hair, and never forget that I love you more than ever."

The sprig of lilac in her belt, symbol of eternal springtime, leaned over and threw scented kisses across the page, and her fingers trembled as she pointed out the passionate words. Her lover would have liked to see her then and to hear her song :—

"It is lovely to be twenty and pretty
In the Maytime."

She wore a pendant he had given her with the number thirteen in a circlet of gold—her lucky number, she said, because she was engaged in that year. Perhaps after all it was to prove lucky, after eight months of sickening suspense, of agonising separation, of journeyings up and down a tortured land, of unforgettable sights and sounds of war, pillage and burning, and the long, long vigil with the pepper ready to torture their tormentors a little before being themselves tortured to death had others' luck been theirs, and at length the escape to kindlier shores. By the joy in those sweet, brown eyes, and the soft flush on her cheeks, surely the "good hour" had at length arrived, for was she not young and pretty in the Maytime, and her lover awaiting her over yonder with a kiss ready for her red lips and beautiful hair ?

The Spy.

IT was strange that a woman wearing beautiful jewels of value should be unable to pay the hotel charges and should plead poverty. One does not wear the most expensive and fashionable silk gowns with an elegance that shows the high-class dressmaker if one is just a *modiste* going to France. And why Calais, if so, and not Paris ? She was very pretty, with dull, copper hair well dressed, and jewelled hairpins glittering among its coils. She sat still, refusing to understand English, or to answer Belgian questions, but an occasional interested gleam in her eyes during conversation in English made one feel she knew more than she pretended. Every morning before breakfast she went out hurriedly, as if to a meeting-place arranged previously. Then one night late the naval officer informed some of us that two spies had been caught signalling out to sea with flashlights. That was late, and early next morning out went the smart Parisienne as

usual, only to return, hastily thrust a bank-note into the proprietor's hand, fetch a bag, and fly. No boat or train was due to leave, either. As there was change from her bank-note, someone hurried after her, but by dexterous turns and twists down side-streets she disappeared, leaving behind her a pair of boots, a manicure set, and several small articles. It was a seven-days' mystery, till one afternoon, weeks after, a letter came, written by herself to the proprietor, explaining her presence and hasty departure. By now she had become a married woman, and was hastening to a husband in Holland—so swiftly do personalities change in these days of war. Later in the day she came for the boots, feeling safe in the explanation she had sent to hoodwink the unsuspecting. But English detectives were on the *qui vive,* and found the interesting details of her career unsatisfactory. She was arrested and searched, when thousands of francs in bank-notes were found sewn in her corsets. Hence the quibble over the hotel charges. It was all part of a little game to throw dust in the eyes of the sleepy English and to hear, if possible, valuable naval information during meal times from the men who know but say nothing. For if the English sleep, then it is well said they do so with one eye open.

Home on Leave.

AH! Heaven. It is good to be here
With the breezes of May blowing clear,
Blowing pure from these dear English hills,
And those gardens of gold daffodils.
Left behind me are hell, death and fear—
It is good, oh! how good to be here!

I could dance like those gems on the sea,
I could sing for the gladness in me.
To be home from those horrors of hell,
That the tongue, if it could, dare not tell.
Peace is wonderful now, with *that* near—
It is good, oh! how good to be here!

Ah! how clean smells the good, salty air!
And the sweet sun shines out everywhere;
Over all things is kindness, a calm
That heals the tired heart with its balm.
The wind 's keen . . . you can't help a tear—
Oh! it 's good; yes, it 's good to be here!

The Canteen.

ALL kinds of soldiers pass through the hut on their way to the front, and the bewildering variety of accent is harassing to the unaccustomed ears of the Ladies Pride and Place who officiate at the canteen. The Lady Pride may at times be seen staggering across the paper-strewn floor with a hamper of dirty mugs, her beautifully tailored khaki suit and expensive boots betraying her caste ; while the diamond-studded wrist-watch she consults with feverish anxiety in the few spare intervals of serving Horlick's and other delicacies shows an apt blending of the artistic and the useful. Should a man relieve her of her burden, her profuse thanks, her superabundance of adjectival delight, given with that graciousness that position can so benignly bestow, proves her high birth and intensely polite up-bringing. The Lady Place, on the other hand, adopts a brusque, horsy manner. Her superb figure,

made in days when war-economy was unknown, wears its khaki like a soldier; massive in appearance, with head in proportion, she wears a Boy Scout's hat with jaunty tilt over shining coils of perfectly straight hair. She will know the ins and outs of things, and gets in the chef's way in the kitchen at the busiest times.

However, both ladies, probably for the first time in their ordered lives, are engaged in honest and at times exceedingly strenuous toil.

"'Ast-tha 'Coot Ploog?'" demands a Yorkshireman.

"I beg your pardon?" softly inquires Lady Pride.

"Did he say an orange, dear, do you think?" she asks of Lady Place.

"A 'll 'elp mesel' to yon," he continues, pointing to the tobacco.

A dawn of light suffuses the high-born dame's countenance.

"This 'Navy Cut' is very good," she says.

"Ah! that 'll do, lassie," shouts a Scot, "and guid luck to yer bonnie wee self."

"The same to you, my good man," responds the lady without warmth, and retires hastily to the kitchen with urgent demands for hot water.

Should a particularly good-looking young

soldier ask for food or drink, the hearts of these ladies warm accordingly, and insist on his taking these necessities for half-price, a business method which at the end of the day has its disadvantages to the Y.M.C.A. running the canteen, especially after a draft of bewitching blue-eyed Irishmen has gone through.

But for picturesque bargaining the Orientals hold the field. A turbaned Gurkha with flashing black eyes beheld the wrist-watch of the Lady Pride, and whispered :

" Sweetheart, change with me till I come back."

Naturally she refused.

" Mine very good," he said, his white teeth gleaming in audacious joy.

The Lady Pride regarded him sternly, and asked if there was anything on the counter she could sell him ; but as he assured her his heart was lost to her, negotiations had to be brought to a close by the intervention of Lady Place, who suppressed the amorous Indian with a frigid and unemotional eye that caused him to lose himself in the crowd of swaying and surging khaki in the background.

The Horse that went away.

THIS time last year, 'neath branches weighted
With bloom of cherry, apple, pear,
You cantered through the sunlight, freighted
With laughing riders free of care.
Slow-ambling through the hedgerows scented
With gilliflowers and fragrant may
From old-time gardens, well contented,
You sniffed delight your equine way.

You used to pull up—none could cure you—
Where Rose and Crown emblazoned shone ;
Dismounting only would assure you
That it was time to gallop on.
An ancient habit ! Approbation
Of some past owner was to blame.
Our grocer saved the situation :
His shop adjoining screened our shame.

You seemed a part of youth and Maytime,
You who were bred in English meads,
Of summer evenings in the haytime,
Of river pastures fringed with reeds ;
Of lily-ponds and basking cattle,
The quiet life of field and farm,
So far remote from noise and battle
And shrieking shells and hate and harm.

They took you off one August morning :
The day was bright—our eyes were dim.
We muttered the unheeded warning :
" He 's been our pet ; be kind to him."
You whinnied to the horses waiting,
And joined the ranks and marched away,
Your nostrils and brown eyes dilating
At life that so adventurous lay.

The khaki boys you had to follow
To do your bit, you understand—
You, who had known each nook and hollow
That Shakespeare loved in blossom-land.
I wonder . . . Ah ! I dare not ponder
On war for you, with all its fear ;
I only pray you rest out yonder,
Who shared our joy this time last year.

Hope.

O COOL white moon above the dark hills shining,
So lonely on those sapphire seas afloat,
Lave my tired spirit till, past all repining,
It reach thy splendid solitudes remote.

So heated is the day of life's endeavour,
So dim to follow the unwavering star,
The noise of strife my soul from that would sever,
Which raises it to heights divine and far.

The scents of earth—the warm breast of the mother,
Of petal, sea, and sun-loved wold and wood,
Waft still the message: "Love ye one another,"
And bid us hope that still the plan is good.

O bathe us in the placid flame that brightens
This fragrant night, that we may even be
Part of that whole vast mind that so enlightens
The peering eyes of us who dimly see.

Give us to see beyond the clouds that cover
Our hope, the sun of beauty shining through,
To sight beyond the Hate, the eternal Lover,
Beyond the darkness the unwavering blue.

Ballad of the Clover Leaf.

(To M. R.)

"SWEET lady, why sit you so long on the grass,
With your bonny red hair falling down o'er the green ?
And a wistful sad smile for the soldiers who pass,
Is there one that you love, but the sea rolls between ?

"Why peer you so earnestly there in the dew ?
The dew lying thick on the sweet grassy blades,
The daisies are fair, but not fairer than you,
Your hands are as white as a petal that fades."

"A clover I found me on my wedding-day,
A token it was by the leaves that it bore ;
Good luck did it bring me. Ah, luck, will you stay ?
Four leaves for a token of love evermore.

" My soldier-love carried my leaf o'er the sea,
My heart took he likewise, and therefore I sit
To look for a leaf that shall bring back to me
The heart of my love and the leaf laid on it."

" But, lady, the dew-fall is heavy this eve,
The daisies are closing their cups for the night.
The moon will have risen ere the meadows you leave,
Your face like a star in the dusk seemeth white ! "

" Nay, how can I leave the sweet clover-fields yet,
For dreams that come haunting my pillow so sad ?
I had one wild dream, and it bade me forget,
It told of a cross o'er a bed that he had.

" Of daisies, too, glowing with red in their stars,
And brown mounds where scarcely the green grasses grow,
His name, too, was writ on the wooden cross-bars.
I dare not go home, for these sights haunt me so.

" A clover I found me on my wedding-day,
I may find one now if I look long enough.
And why seek I shelter, when his is of clay,
Or find yielding couch when his own is so rough ?

" The clover was shaped like the cross in the dream,
Why look you with eyes full of pity and tears ?
I almost forget—so bewildering things seem—
Which is real, and which dream, of my anguish and fears."

" Sweet lady, the meadows are grey in the mist,
The scent of the clover is sweet in the air,
The west is all amber and soft amethyst,
And you in your beauty are fragile and fair.

" Come back and forget, for the clover-leaf saith
Oblivion is best when Love suffers so deep,
And Life could hold worse than a hero's swift death,
And peace comes at last with the unending sleep."

Pro Patria.

(To W. Y.)

THERE were no roses when you went
To strew upon your way,
Our eyes with hero-worship lent
A glory to that day.
As down the pathway through the gate
You smiling bade adieu,
And by the wall we lay in wait
To call farewell to you.

We leaned across the ivied wall—
Your mother, she, and I,
And saw the wintry sunlight fall
On you as you walked by—
Our heroes in your khaki clad,
Our ivy strewed your way,
There were no roses then, my lad,
Like those you wear to-day.

The silver of your mother's hair
Shone glorious like the wealth
Of love and tenderness and care
She lavished for your health.
No tears your sister's eyes bedimmed,
But pride was there and joy,
The tears that afterwards o'erbrimmed
Were love's own gems, dear boy.

To-day you sleep in Flanders soil,
And roses bloom above,
And none can one fair flower despoil,
Your rose of patriot-love.
That rose you wear upon your breast,
Dyed with the blood you gave;
So take this rose, our thanks, to rest
For ever in your grave.

Mine Sweepers.

"SIX-AND-TWENTY little boats dancing
o'er the sea,
Come, tell me now, old sailor-man, what may
those vessels be ?
Some fairy fleet a-fishing where the hidden
herrings are,
All fragile on the circling blue that stretches
wide and far ? "

" A pretty sight, my bonny lass, for such as
stay at home,
But danger lurks within those craft that dance
upon the foam ;
There 's danger for the men aboard, and danger
for the foe,
For they go forth to sweep the seas of mines
laid high and low."

" But look ye now, old sailor-man, how peaceful
sleeps the tide !
And all is quiet save the sea that whispers like
a bride.
A bride she is that sets her gems a-glitter to the
sun.
The sun that smiles and kisses her before the
day 's begun."

" But hark ye now, my bonny lass, that booming
o'er the wave,
That sound comes from your fairy fleet that
dares the mines to brave.
It 's fire and run the while they burst, it 's
danger all the while,
A-spotting them and dodging them and blowing
up the pile.

" It 's run to port and snatch a rest, then out
again at dawn,
To watch all day and every day until the game
is drawn.
And studying the sea for hours gets kind o'
stale, you know ;
Yet never for a moment dare the watch get
slack or slow.

" Yes, six-and-twenty pretty boats all dancing
on the sea,
And every one of them is out to watch for you
and me.
Oh, no ; 'tis not a fairy fleet that dances on the
foam,
But watchdogs with a bark and bite that keep
a guard on home."

The Destroyer.

ALL the sea lies spun in opal, pink and purple, blue and gold,
Silver flashing in the sunshine, green within the crested fold.
Little clouds chase one another on a sky of rarest blue,
Amethystine in the water shadow-ghosts are skimming through,
Peaceful red sails dip and curtsey bowing to the freshening breeze,
There the stalwart fishers gather harvesting the wealth of seas.
Then across the water gliding,
Like black Death the ocean riding,
Low and seething through the waters with a boiling trail in tow,
The Destroyer comes, defending
With a vigil stern, unending,
All the fair green-girdled country that her children cherish so.

Black from stem to stern she hastens, and her
white long tail of foam,
Cleaves the sapphire of the waters circling
round the shores of home,
Black her guns, no flashing metals dancing in
the summer sun,
All is shrouded and in silence : desperate work
is to be done.
Dark forms on the decks assemble, men who
form the living shield
'Twixt old England, home and beauty, and the
foe on Flanders field.
That is why those ships are gliding
Like black Death the waters riding
Through the dancing seas of England, never
resting, never still ;
Watching, waiting, tiring never,
Splendid in their firm endeavour
To protect the land they worship from all envy,
hate and ill.

The White Ship.

WHITE as a bride and as fair each morning
she glides o'er the waters,
White on the sea's ardent blue, the sapphire and
silver of summer.
Pure like a ghost-ship she sails on mornings of
soft-tinted opal,
Dim through the greyish-blue pall on languorous
noontides and evenings,
White in the skirl of the rain when winds lash
the waters to emerald,
White as a bride glides the ship each morning
and eve through the waters.

Is she a fair bridal ship that brings a king's son
to the marriage ?
Some royal freight proudly borne, befitting her
swiftness and beauty ?
Some knightly-fair cavalcade, crusaders 'neath
banners of glory ?

Yea, she bears these and much more: she
bringeth the saviours of England,
Those who were wounded for us, and bear on
their torn, tortured bodies
Marks they have paid for man's sin, stripes they
received for our ransom.

Go, then, O ship of the light, fair as a bride o'er
the waters.
Bring them to homeland and peace; show them
the country they cherished.
After the wounds and the pain, after the anguish
and torture,
Show them a country more fair, purer in mercy
and justice,
Honoured, revered and beloved, cleansed in the
fires of affliction,
Show them the land of their dreams, land born
anew of their travail.

The Camp of the Caesars.

"THEN 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I," sang the Shropshire lad as he pondered on the mortality of man and the swiftness of his passing. And here in the old grass-grown trenches dug by the British against Roman invaders one sees the old game of war still going on, and wonders, "Will it ever end, this old, old game of destruction and deadly hate?" For here in the scoop of the hills lie the white tents of the khaki lads, and the stirring sounds of bugle and drum rise through the summer stillness with its monotone of insect wings. The fragrant smell of crushed thyme comes through the soft air, where the scabious, rock-rose, and frail harebells sway in the light, wooing winds, which leave them to dance whispering over the yellow corn below. The hay down there in the camp sends its perfume up to join the myriad scents of summer. Cowboys in broad sombreros and shirts of loose and comfortable fit, lead in

their horses over the grassy pilgrim track past the holy well. Here in the past cowled monk and pious lady have often led their mules on their way to the shrine of a saint. Now the mules of war tread an ungainly measure down the steep slopes, where signallers and stretcher-bearers are busy, and a bayonet charge is in progress under a privet hedge in full flower. With a yellow blossom in his horse's ear-strap, the gold showing up well against the velvety-brown skin, the half-breed Indian lad passes by, hearing some wild call of adventure that has sped him across the waters to the war, his ancient hereditary pastime. His swarthy face, with its high cheek-bones, is merry at the thought of it already. The bugle sounds, and a whinnying and restlessness among the horses show that they know its message, and soon hundreds of hurrying feet reach the piled haystacks, and willing hands carry the fragrant food to the mounts. Another bugle-call, and a wild rush to the canteens. It is the boys' own turn now. And the ancient camp of the Cæsars, taken after what wild onrush who can tell, frowns down on the picnic and the white tents and the rows of horses, as man's favourite game of war still continues through the long ages.

The Night Sky.

WHEN Arcturus like a shepherd leads his white flock westward through the starry pastures of the Milky Way, a calm falls on earth and sea. Summer lightning opens golden vistas to the south, as if for a moment heaven's gates were lifted and its bright halls revealed to mortal eyes. Flashing meteors whirl across the starry skies, and Vega from the high arch of the zenith keeps silent watch o'er a sleeping world. Peace folds the quiet cornfields and garnered haystacks in a scented fragrance, and the glamour and beauty of it all woo the tired spirit to rest, so that gradually sleep comes, and in a dreamland of poppies the soul wanders quietly.

It is a terrifying thing, then, to be roused by the roaring of great guns, to leap suddenly to life from those calm valleys of sleep into a world at war. The dreadful voices boom into the night. Grim, long outlines appear o'er the sea,

and the white fingers of the searchlights pass along the velvet bosom of night, feeling for those monsters of death. The guns speak three times in quick succession, then the awful silence of expectancy, and the frightened dogs, so futile as guardians of man in this extremity, break the stillness with short, sharp barks. Looking upward for that hidden death, one sees the holy beauty of the clustered stars, and when suddenly one falls, a quick-drawn breath tells of strained watching, for so, lightly and carelessly, fall the bombs of fire that herald death, dropped haphazard on sleeping villages. The lightning and the searchlights vie one with the other in a fantastic dance through the heavens, where to the south-east, poised steadily in the night sky, and with his brilliance putting all the constellations in the shade, glows Jupiter of the thunders, glowing and burning with unwavering radiance over the fair fields of France.

"Daughters of Joy."

WALKING arm-in-arm with soldiers or sailors, chucking this one under the chin, patting that one on the cheek, laughing over the shoulder at the others, with a glad eye for all, what happy girls they seemed when the sea was all a-glitter and the sun scorching the hot sands! Some of them would lie basking in the surf for hours, laughing shrilly when the waves dashed over their sunburnt arms and legs; and the sun, shining on the good and evil alike, rained his warm kisses on their faces—pretty faces too, when the dimples came and went in the joy of the passing hour. And the saucy badinage of words with all and sundry, the ready wit, the quick jest, the careless freedom. Then one thought: "Surely this is a better life than long hours in a sweater's den, the paltry pence for long mechanical labour, and the pale, anæmic faces of the city by-ways!" Here at least was

the free air and sunlight and sea, plenty to eat and drink, lots of pretty clothes, and kisses by the score. The one with the innocent, wide, blue eyes was wearing a blue Madonna hood over her golden hair, and her flower face smiled childishly on all as she passed ; and if a hard-steely look came into those eyes at times, what wonder ? She had her price, and would not be beaten down so long as she had youth and beauty for the bargaining. Then the pretty dark one, so much sought after, whose pink dress brought out the rose-bloom of her cheeks —of Nature's painting, too, as yet. Like a gay bird she hopped from one to the other, taking where she would, and sparing of her kisses. Her voice and laugh were silvery, like a skylark at dawn in the woods. She, too, was a bird escaped from some nest, but at what a price had she bought freedom !

At last the hot days went, the heavy rains fell, the whole aspect of the outside world changed. Cold winds whistled round the huts on the foreshore—whistled and shrieked and wailed : " Lost, all lost ! " till people indoors drew close to fires they had lighted and shuddered, for there, out in the rain, were the gay girls, out to earn their bread. How pitiful the scanty frocks looked then ! The thin, white

shoes soaked through, and the tawdry chiffon clinging dank to the slim forms. Luck was against them, too, as they shivered and passed through the lashing gale. Night fell, and passed, and something impelled the woman with the sweet eyes who lived in the house by the sea to look out at dawn—the grey, chill, early dawn of a cheerless summer day. There, huddled in a shelter, immobile as death, sat two of the daughters of joy. They had spent the long, cold night there. The birds of the air have nests, but girls who make a plaything of love have not where to lay their heads. And the sweet woman with the mother-soul shining in her beautiful, pure eyes, said : " I cannot sleep now for thinking of those poor girls, outside—always outside. I have a daughter myself."

The Dance of the Swallows.

BY the gold of the gorse and the green of the hill,
By the marge of the brown pool and deep,
The swallows are curving and dipping and swerving,
To kiss this dear land in her sleep.
A-slumber she lies in the gold light of noon,
In glory of loveliness dressed,
Yet I would I might fall, as she soon shall, a-swoon,
Since I unto earth gave my best.

From the deeps of the wood to the brow of the hill,
All loth to bid England good-bye,
The swallows are dancing, the happy light glancing
On bosom and wing as they fly.

Untiring and splendid they cleave the blue air,
In mystical dance of farewell,
And but one year ago we were watching them there,
Together entranced by the spell.

"Oh, should ye go flying the Ægean Sea,
'Neath skies just as gloriously blue,
Then carry this token and message unspoken
To one who loved England and you.
Oh, carry from home this wild bluebell that swung,
On hills where he lay long ago,
How deadly a knell in my heart hath been rung,
His spirit that loved us shall know."

Plum Picking.

HERE, in the golden heart of England, the season of "mellow fruitfulness" has begun. Boughs are weighted with sun-ripened plums and reddening apples. Beautiful gold fruit is rotting on the trees, for only the better kinds—juicy Victorias, purple Orleans, round and rosy Jimmy Moores, and the succulent greengage—are worth the labour. So fertile is Nature in her beneficent outpouring that broken branches bear witness to her bounty, lying overladen with masses of fruit. But the patriotic pickers are at work. Ladies are staining their dainty fingers with bloom of plum, while the sun paints their cheeks with the bloom of health. High-school girls, joyous in the freedom of the meadows after the July examinations, throng the ladders, their girlish laughter ringing down the aisles of this temple of beauty. They live in caravans, and in the moonrise of the sweet

summer dusk one may see them grouped round the wood fire or chatting gaily of the day's work. White-gowned, they flit over the green grass as the big harvest moon tops the trees and lights the pretty pastoral scene. But by day it is hard work, reaching up or stooping, lifting heavy baskets and carrying them up or down ladders ; but it has its compensations. The wounded soldier home on sick leave is helping, the farm pupils, the vicar, and a snatch of French song from the high boughs tells of the ubiquitous Belgian who has sought and found peace here, after fighting hard for just such beauty as this in his native land. Ladders are locked lovingly across the trees, the pickers balancing each other in greater safety thus than by relying on the frail upper twigs ; and high up there in a leafy nest young Cupid is busy between two merry blue eyes under a sun-bonnet and the farmer's right-hand man, who fixes the ladders, carries the heavier freights, and has snatches of delightful flirtation at lunch-time under the shady trees. The baskets, strapped over the shoulder on to the back, grow heavy with their load of plenty, and one by one are brought down and poured into the hampers. These are swung on to a sledge dragged by an old horse to the weighing machine. There hundreds of baskets

are sorted and weighed, covered with fragrant new-mown grass, and labelled to all parts of the country. To Liverpool, to Plymouth, to Birmingham, to Hull, they will go to be made into jam for the winter, to conserve England's food supply and to carry her sweetness of sunlight and soil to the boys in the trenches of France.

As one looks over the laden orchard, with its golden peace and long vistas of plenty, to the thatched barns and clustered sheaves round the old grey manor homes, the blue distances, the wonderful light on the circling hills, the silver of the winding river, the chasing cloud-shadows, the tall, green elms around the old church tower, the heart quickens with the joy of it, and realises that it is this glory of loveliness that has sped the boys away to shield it with life and limb. Passionately our love goes forth to thee, O most beautiful England. Verily it *is* a good and holy thing to keep thee ever pure and undefiled.

The Dispatch-Rider.

AT a thundering pace in a nerve-racking race,
With the swift winds above him a-roar,
On his good motor steed see the King's rider speed,
His revolvers behind and before.
Swift as Mercury he as he hastes far and free
In his mud-covered khaki and hood,
And like Lucifer's dash down the quick lightning flash
Is his own as he rides "making good."

The villagers know to a half-hour or so
The time he will whirl down their street,
And a quick cheer they raise and their wide eyes amaze
Welcomes him on that far ride and fleet.

With a perilous swoop he descends past each
group,
Assembled to mark his wild way,
For the O.H.M.S. clears a track through the
press,
And none dare its magic gainsay.

There are chill nights of rain when with muscles
astrain,
And grave dangers of skids underneath,
Mud-spattered he hastes through night's
desolate wastes,
Nor recks of the wind on the heath.
Though his tired brain must reel and his nerves
be like steel,
Though his coursing blood threatens to burst,
Though exhausted he fall in a heap with it all,
He will yield up his messages first.

The Airman.

WHERE snow-capped mountains front the morn,
And pines march up the craggy steep,
Amid great beauty was I born,
And drank Life's cup of joy full deep.

The hillside was my gentle nurse,
That taught me hope and scorn of fear,
And winds and thunders would rehearse
Their chorused pæans for mine ear.

My soul was steeped in loveliness
Of scent and sound and glorious sight,
I loved my mother's fond caress,
The earth, my mother, robed in light.

I loved her when the diamond snows
Enwrapped in silence winter's hours,
And more when at Spring's call arose
The splendour of ten million flowers.

Because I feared no dizzy height,
And dared whatever man might do,
And, envious of the eagle's flight,
Longed some diviner joy to woo,

I hied me at my country's call
To keep a guard on sky and air.
Me, whom no terrors could appal,
They chose the fiercest deeds to dare.

Ah ! how I loved the rushing breeze,
The soaring rise, the swift descent,
The graceful, birdlike curves, the ease
With which we clave the firmament.

The cold, intoxicating rush
Of vigorous winds against the face,
The cloudy pinnacles, the hush
Of silence, and the circling space.

The humming engine seemed to sing
Old folk-songs from my cradling hills,
And pulse and heart and brain would ring
With music in delicious thrills.

I grew to love what man had wrought—
My magic steed that raced the wind,
To hero-worship man who brought
All science captive to his mind.

And so they sent me forth by night
Across the dim, lone wastes of sea,
To where, securely, hedged from sight,
Slept undismayed our enemy.

Since there was nought I would not dare,
And fear was futile in my eyes,
With blasts of fire they sent me there,
To hurl black murder from the skies.

But when I saw God's holy stars,
Like angels' eyes gaze down and gleam,
And thought of man whose evil mars
The perfect beauty of God's dream,

I dared not hurl black death below,
On quiet town and dwelling-place,
I dared not slay a sleeping foe
And look those calm stars in the face.

I turned and fled, a coward proved,
Abashed before that sight divine,
Abashed, though all my being moved
Accordant, since my soul was mine.

So singing through the air we went,
Back o'er the tranquil waters far,
And o'er my tremulous spirit bent
The shining of the morning star.

And now I rank among the less,
No longer mine to lord the skies ;
Yet sings my heart with happiness,
For I can look God in the eyes.

Boat Trains.

ACROSS the green strip of land fringing the sea under the high chalk cliffs the boat trains come and go. Here pass all those who go forth on the stormy seas of war, and those who return so hilariously happy for the few days' leave. These lean far out of the windows and wave like happy children to the dear English fields and guarding sea and the welcoming faces at the high windows. They go singing inland, with happy eyes ashine with love, and maybe a tear, in the fulness of their joy at the home-coming. Those who go out afresh sing too and cheer loudly, waving flags from the train windows and keeping their spirits up for the work ahead. When the red flag of sunset is hung out in the west, these pass down to the sea, and an answering cheer rises from the little crowd always gathered at the harbour to see them pass. Said one woman there : " I have

seen every train pass down for the last week, in the hope that Dad will spot me and the children out here. We have not heard from him for days, so he must have gone, but I feel I must watch the others go." And I knew that the prayers and good wishes of all women would go forth and help subtly to strengthen the fighters in their terrible task, for like a great sea the strong, urgent hope of the watching women behind every man at the front goes out in waves of emotion and creates a power of its own to arm with courage and strength in time of need. The boat express that takes the men back from leave is the saddest of all. There they sit motionless, sadly looking out on the fair land for which they have fought and will fight again, and wondering if they look their last on it. They who have known war hold its horrors for all time in their eyes. Inexorable as Fate the train curves serpent-like towards the harbour, winding round out of sight to the sea and the waiting ships.

More cheerful are the Red Cross trains, with their royal freight of heroes. These, if they have an arm left, will wave cheerily to the children boisterously calling their welcome. Bandaged heads lean far out, glad and happy to see the dear old land again. After a big

move-on in Flanders the number of these trains increases, and women, who know how much they owe to these saviours of their honour now returning, shyly wave their handkerchiefs in sign of gratitude. The empty Red Cross trains go down regularly to meet the white hospital ship that daily goes to and fro, looking like a bride for fairness and beauty. There at the windows the nurses wait, their steady eyes sad with all they have seen, their capable hands folded between the rushes of work. Back and forth go the boat trains with their human freight, and one golden afternoon a splendid train went up with many wide windows apparently empty, but not quite. Alone, midway down the car, sat a solitary figure, seeming so lonely and deserted after all the noisy company that passes cheering and singing. It was the Royal train bearing the King home from the fields of battle, home to his little kingdom of peace.

The Partings.

THEY were saying good-bye at the harbour gate. Two thousand men had just marched through—two thousand from all parts of the Isles—Scots, Irish, Welsh, and many English: some smiling; some deep in thought of the home just left behind; one or two dancing a complicated step urged by the spirit within them, and leaning on the arms of more sober companions; some in sheepskins like barbarous warriors of ancient Britain; some stragglers in the pastel-blue uniform of the Frenchmen, with the quaint blue trench helmets reminding one of medieval Crusaders; and several khaki-clad Belgians. Past the very upright sergeant-major they went, who, with note-book in hand, officiated and ushered the troops in, as well as keeping back the women who look through the sea of faces for the one beloved.

Up drove a big, panting car, and from it stepped a major and his lady: both in the prime of life, she in magnificent furs and Russian boots, money speaking from every inch of her. A beauty-spot on her cheek threw up the well-made complexion. They walked away from the gate, saying those last few important words; then he strode bravely through the gate, biting his lips. She, seemingly careless, waved from the kerb.

A private and his girl, arm-in-arm, walked up. She wears a very new wedding-ring. He looks a mere boy. A long kiss and he is gone quickly, never once daring to look back. She breaks down, and goes with bent head back to the dreary sordidness of home.

A showy woman in black satin and feathered hat, her weak face hard and sullen, carries off the "Good-bye" with a nonchalant air. Her husband, clean, straight, and good-tempered-looking, speaks urgently with her. One feels that she could too easily take to the false comfort of drink, and can guess the whispered words he says.

Another big car drives up, daffodils in the vases, an air of luxury in the details of leather and spotless fittings. Most fashionably attired

is the lady in her many wraps. The big staff-officer alights, shakes hands, and departs. One wonders if they got their parting over before, or if they are only friends.

There is no doubt, however, about the couple now approaching. She clings desperately to his arm. He a captain, and she a dark, lovely girl. He kisses her long ; she clings to his neck. One more deep kiss, and he releases himself and tears away down to the ship. She stands motionless with tense lips and startled eyes. She will not let the tears come till he has turned the corner ; then great drops splash and rain on her muff, but upright she walks away, lest he should turn and see her collapse.

Oh, brave hearts of women, all honour to you ! Yours is the burden and the weariness, the inaction, the long, dreary waiting and wondering.

Bareheaded, two fair English girls are seeing their laddie off. The one golden-haired, with cream and roses for colouring, and blue eyes, is his chosen. And they wave to him as he marches off. What wonder that the heaven of her eyes is blurred by a mist of rain.

Then a Belgian couple, talking volubly and both crying, kiss ecstatically on both cheeks,

and part, audible sobs from both dying away as the distance between grows.

Away over the sea the boat glides, inexorable as Fate, and the heart bleeds for the women, fur-clad and rich, or shabby and poor, but united and sanctified by the great Sorrow of War.

Sweet Canadian Brides.

A PIQUANT accent 's come to town,
A soft Colonial burr,
And piquant faces up and down
Smile out from folds of fur.
Bright faces, too, although withal
A lurking sadness hides ;
For exiles these at Honour's call—
The sweet Canadian brides.

It 's kind o' lonesome here, when he
Is out at Duty's post,
At camp, or there across the sea—
She feels it more than most.
For memory calls up hills of pine,
And snow-clad plains and wide ;
But here she sees more shade than shine—
The sweet Canadian bride.

A bit of pluck is needed, too,
To face the ocean's dread,
With submarines that wait for you,
And Zeppelins ahead.
But Freedom, born of ample space,
Deep in each heart abides,
To arm the mothers of the race—
The sweet Canadian brides.

From town to town, from camp to camp,
Their lone canoes they steer,
And English skies are drear and damp,
And English ways severe.
Life's sea seems strangely rough and grey,
Tossed by war's troubled tides,
The haven dim and far away—
Oh, sweet Canadian brides!

But when is won the cause of right
We shall remember these
Who come to aid us in the fight—
The men from overseas.
And as we raise the toast above,
Let 's call for one besides,
To those who ventured all for love—
The sweet Canadian brides!

The Woman's Lament.

TOGETHER we wove us a fabric of years,
The gold was of laughter, the silver of tears;
So exquisite, delicate, spun day by day,
From love, joy and hope, yet more lovely than they.
Ah! sorrow to them who cause warfare and strife,
And trample and spoil the fair fabric of Life.

Sweet, sweet were the hours of betrothal, most sweet,
Because of day's waiting, and then, oh! how fleet!
The memory is pain; ah! would God might destroy
And hush in my soul echoing wedding-bells' joy.
Ah! sorrow to them who cause warfare and strife,
And trample and spoil the fair fabric of Life.

Upstairs are the little ones, buds of our Love,
The pensive child-faces we wove dreams above.
How fair grew our fabric, what hopes and
delight,
Inwoven with joy from those souls virgin-white.
Ah ! sorrow to them who cause warfare and
strife,
And trample and spoil the fair fabric of Life.

For War brings to women but anguish and grief,
Long partings and vigils, and pain past belief,
Despair that dusk brings when the babes all are
still,
And now a black void and sweet memories that
kill.
Ah ! sorrow to them who cause warfare and
strife,
And trample and spoil the fair fabric of Life.

War Gleanings.

IN War's red harvest, hideous, desolate,
Gleanings of valour, courage, beauty, show
Like poppies in the corn, to bid us know
That there shall come, beyond the night of hate,
A brighter day to those who watch and wait—
A day when Love a hallowing beam shall throw
Across the fields of youth and hope brought low,
And out of chaos a new earth create.
So that we gleam the best from out the worst,
Goodness from evil, beauty out of pain,
Our thousand heroes shall not die in vain,
But bid them learn this for their comfort first:
That of their travail is their land reborn,
Resplendent, fair, with eyes that front the morn.

Fear.

IMAGINATION meets a hurt half-way,
Distorts, enlarges it, and breeds a dread,
More fearful than reality : in red,
Blood-mangled stalks a nightmare death to flay
The quivering pulse from life : despair, decay
And livid terror burn the brain. Instead
Death comes like autumn—joy in beauty spread
With cloth of gold : a sleep at close of day.
For when the Terror comes with it appears
A strength heroic for the danger faced,
A courage greater than the eager haste
That rides more reckless as the evil nears.
For greater is the pluck that conquers fears
Than that inborn, on nerves of iron based.

The Woman's Part.

WE cannot fight, but one thing we can do,—
Arm with our thoughts of fire the wavering arm,
Weave round each warrior adamantine charm
Of courage, patience, zeal, to help him through
In times of stress. Our own hope shall endue
With such tremendous strength that hate and harm
Shall fall away, and, screening from alarm,
Be as a shield, invulnerable, true.
For such is Prayer: the great strong urgent thrill
That, running through the ether like a spell,
Speaks to the fighter, urging, "Strike, 'tis well,
United, firm behind you is the will
Of millions, dauntless in their vigilant might,
So that your soul be pure, your cause be right."

The Unattained.

THREE planets blazed along the west,
From lakes of green and gold.
One sought to fall asleep and rest
Within a blue hill's fold,
But lingered in the heavens awhile,
To glory in the other's smile.

For she was Venus: wonderful
She burned in skies of fire,
Unutterably adorable,
All beauty and desire;
And rapturous in the joy of her,
Came following mighty Jupiter.

It seemed as if she hastened down
To Mercury's embrace,
Who shared the sunset's aureole crown,
In fields of amber space;
And god-like lightnings flamed and shone
From him pursuing on and on.

It was a picture of man's life,
Who scorns whate'er is gained,
Yet endlessly with pain and strife
Toils for the unattained ;
And leaving simple joys that bless,
Gropes through the skies for happiness.

Sentimental Pilgrims.

CHAUCER chooses April for his pilgrimage, and Will Langland May; but the ideal time is autumn, for then the air is peopled with grey wraiths of the past, and the mellow influence of Time falls softly on the fragrant earth. Right royal is the cloth of gold drifted across the woods, and the whisper of rustling leaves under foot is like the hushed voices of olden days. If a great danger has passed swiftly overhead in the night, and the joy of youth and life is still in the blood, then a reasonable excuse for the pilgrimage is provided; and if the shrine is raised to one who has stood for the rights of the people against the oppressor and perished for justice's sake, then is the goal a happy one indeed.

So it came about that we set forth on a golden October morning by the good white road. The hedges were still green, with a goodly

embroidery of red and yellow threaded through them, and purple blackberries to our hand. In our wallet—of very modern cardboard—lay crisp rolls with cheese between, and apples for the wayside meal. By a trout stream fringed with willows, through which the undulating grass-lands of a park gleamed, through sequestered villages with windmill and church silhouetted on the skyline, by the old forge ringing now with the shoeing of many war horses, by the tents of our volunteers spread across the country-side, we sauntered to old tunes when possible, though the jaunty rag-time seemed to urge on the feet better than Wagner's ponderous " Pilgrim's Chorus," and consolation was found in the thought that doubtless Chaucer's lively party often stayed their hymning for the troubadour ditty and the love-song. Both war and love were in the songs we sang.

At last by a time-honoured Norman church with an exquisite porch half-mantled in ivy, and a path with stiff yew trees through the churchyard, we were brought to the ancient Pilgrim's Way, where in an old hostelry we praised God and rejoiced over a glass of good Kentish ale. Thence through a wood heavy with shade, to a narrow bridle-track we came,

passing through orchards and hop-fields and cropped cornlands to a farm that had been a nunnery, built on a spot where the first glimpse of the grey towers of the pilgrim's goal appears. Here, on a fallen tree, the midday meal was taken to the music of shrill robin melodies and sparrow twitterings.

Down the golden-grey air roamed the merry spirits of the past, bright in their green and gold, red and russet brown, symbolic of those bright days of old ere a drab monotony of existence compelled expression in drab clothing. Their song and laughter and hearty joviality died down on the wind, and we followed them down the field-path to a place where apples stood in great heaps, and the merry splashing of cider in a press was heard, till we came to a lane edged with poplars akin to the pictures of Flanders so familiar in these days. Framed by the trees in a narrowing vista rose the old grey towers now very near, so that soon the outskirts of the town were reached and the narrow streets echoed to the horse-hoofs that struck a lively music there. Was it indeed the mounts of the fat miller and the gentle knight awaking these echoes ?

Looking up, one sees the jolly, smiling faces of the mounted khaki lads riding along through

the ancient gateway, training for their great new crusade overseas. We seek the lovely precincts of the building which has lured so many pilgrims throughout the long years, and entering, feel a great surge of emotion at sight of the majestic beauty of the arches. The experience of thanksgiving and prayer that the old pilgrims knew awakes as the great organ rolls its harmonies through the glorious aisles, and the voices of the worshippers repeat the old phrases of devotion, and we know in our hearts that it is a good and blessed thing to make pilgrimages on the open road, for they are symbolic of a happy pilgrimage through life towards the unknown.

The Hospital Concert.

(BEACHBOROUGH.)

ROMANCE beams out from the big letters "Saskatchewan" on the Red Cross Car, romance of prairie and torrent, of pine-clad hill and lone ranch, where the rallying call of empire has sounded. This van is the gift of the far West, and has borne many a broken Canadian soldier to the old English mansion that is now a hospital. Thither now it bears us with song and cheer to lighten dull hours of pain. In a hollow of the hills, its parklands stretching in verdant acreage around, with primroses already bordering the brook in the woods, with the old tumuli of the ancient Britons on the heights above, where a group of black pines is silhouetted on the sweet spring sky, there in the hollow lies the stately home of an old hunting family, now given up to the brave warriors from overseas. A chorus of birds is

chattering in the old elms, as into the spacious hall, with its wide chimney-place and settle, the concert party passes. Daffodils shine everywhere, tall, graceful, spring-breathing princesses of flowers, their gold heads reflected in the polished oak tables. The poor, brave lads are wheeled into the concert room, and a grand chorus of rag-time opens the hearts and loosens the constraint of everybody. Recital, love-song and chorus follow, and a sweet colleen in emerald skirt and shoes and scarlet shawl sings Irish ditties, sweet, beautiful songs that go straight to the heart, as does the beautiful face of the singer with its brooding grey eyes and fair skin framed in two long plaits of soft hair. Uproarious applause greets her, for there is nothing so sweet to hear as a touch of the brogue, nor so sweet to see as a real Irish face.

In the pauses between songs the notes of thrushes thrill from the branches that cuddle the very walls of the house, and ever in unceasing undertone the twitter of multitudinous sparrows and starlings, like a gossiping crowd that has long wondered what these strange, blue-clad men may mean, hobbling so slowly over the green lawns and meadow lands. To wind up, the men sing a song in which they vow :—

" We 'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all.
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start we 'll fight, *fight*, Fight ! "

As one realises that these men have come from the far bounds of empire to save the flag and been wounded in its cause, a great surge of feeling rises in the heart, choking in its intensity. Oh, may we ever keep the flag worthy of such sacrifice ! The few words of the " sky-pilot " mingle aptly enough with one's thoughts as he tells of the greatest love—" Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends," words urging the men to be true to the highest in themselves, as the sweet example of their nurses has shown them.

A shout from the sufferers, " Mon, I maun speak wi' ye : ye 're Scotch by yer talk," takes the parson to a stretcher-side, where the old clanship is established in handshake. One man declares the days all too short, yet to us how piteous seem the swathed legs and bandaged head. Another says the sweet face of the sister brought him back to life, for when he saw her leaning over him he thought he was in heaven. Indeed, the beautiful, calm faces in their white head-dresses seem very like angels, so serene and selfless are they. Everywhere a great love

and sacrifice uplift the soul from the plane of everyday life. The amber sky is all a-blossom with spring colours as we leave, the thrushes singing their hearts out in the soft twilight, and through the arched frame of the Red Cross Car cover the dim grey road vanishes, while above it, glowing and blazing with unutterable beauty near a little hill, Venus, the Star of Love, shines steadfastly on the bewildering world.

Hymn of Love to England.

LAND of the flaming gorse that Spring has lit,
Of cowslip field and leafy bluebell wood,
Of quiet pools where summer's swallows flit
In ecstacy of joy since life is good,
By thy deep sea whose silver walls immure
Heaven keep thee pure.

Dear scented soil, where multitudinous life
With ours joins chorus to proclaim thee fair,
Where birds sing songs in mad, melodious strife,
And love and sweetness revel everywhere ;
By thy deep valleys and thine hills' lone lure,
Heaven keep thee pure.

Country of Shakespeare and the splendid host
Of noble hearts who loved thy earth and sea,
Drake's land and Nelson's, cherished more than most,
What wealth of sacrifice was poured for thee !
So will we yield our all, howe'er obscure,
To keep thee pure.

From shrieking shell and fertile fields laid low,
From sacrilege of sacrament and shrine,
From malice, greed, and every inner foe
That would our country's honour undermine,
By spiritual ramparts made secure,
Heaven keep thee pure.

Mists, moors and mountains, rains and diamond dews,
Thy varying moods, thine hair of salty spray,
Thy teeming cities where the giant thews
Of Labour pay thee homage. These we pray
May be inviolate, their peace be sure,
Heaven keep thee pure.

God! how we love thee, we who first drew breath
By mothering hills that gave us strength and joy,
We ask for courage to face hell and death
To save thee from all terrors that destroy.
Fired by our love to work, watch and endure,
To keep thee pure.

J.W. Arrowsmith Ltd
Publishers
Bristol

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

EXMOOR LYRICS

AND OTHER VERSES.

Second Impression. Price **1/-** *net, cloth* **1/6** *net.*

The Times :—" The writer has a keen love of the moor—the first essential for its poet—and writes with a pretty gift of language."

Pall Mall Gazette :—" Most of the lyrics show enthusiasm, refinement and facility, and deal with well-known places like Porlock Woods, Watersmeet (Lynmouth), the Valley of Rocks, and Bampton."

The Scotsman :—" A volume of graceful verse, mostly singing of the open air, of the woods and the pixies, with here and there a poem of a more serious cast. The author proves herself a cultivated and pleasing singer."

Clifton Free Press :—" The wild, rolling uplands of Exmoor, redolent of memories of Lorna Doone, Jan Ridd, and the outlaw Doones, are full of romance and poetry, and Mrs. Sharland has caught the true sense of their witchery and grandeur. . . . Those who have visited the Valley of Rocks, or Watersmeet, or Dunkery Beacon, or Horner Water, or Porlock Woods will appreciate to the full the imagery of thought and fancy she throws around each of these places."

North Devon Herald :—" The authoress possesses the true poetic instinct with an intensity of local patriotism which pervades almost every line. She sings of Porlock, of Bampton, the Valley of Rocks, Horner Water, and many other well-known places, and the spirit of a Devonshire enthusiast breathes in them all. ' The Dear Old Devon Tongue ' is a poetic gem which will touch the hearts of every son and daughter of the Western shire."

Bristol : J. W. Arrowsmith Ltd., 11 Quay Street.
London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Ltd.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

VOICES OF DAWN
OVER THE HILLS.

With an Introduction by **EDWARD CARPENTER.**

Price **1/-** *net; cloth* **1/6** *net; postage* **2d.**

The Times :—" These are full of springtide nature and of human hopes, and sing a happy music. The most charming we think is ' The Mead of Mothers.' "

The Scotsman :—" They are so lofty in their thought, and so winningly expressed, that few readers who have any sort of libertarian sympathies will be able to read them without a quickening exaltation of feeling."

Daily Herald :—" Here is poetry of the human, vital sort. In this little volume I can hear the songs of the new life, and see the beautiful romance of human love and labour, and more fully understand the passion of the worker for joy, and the desire of the common heart for fellowship. How melodious, natural and expressive they are ! ' Child of the Wonder-Eyes,' ' The Piper,' and ' The Free Breath,' are beautiful songs in this cleansing, refreshing little book."

The Daily Citizen :—" Here between these simple covers are grace, beauty, force and—above all—the melody of a rhythmic artistry. Her previous work, *Exmoor Lyrics*, reflected enthusiasm, refinement and facility; *Voices of Dawn* reflect even more, for it shows her oftentimes in the guise of a writer of serious poetry, pulsating with true and deep feeling."

The Christian Commonwealth :—" They stir and illumine and lift the head towards the East. Mrs. Sharland has a graceful gift; but that is not the big thing about her; she has the prophetic spirit and a high faith. What is more, she is able to communicate it."

The Daily Chronicle :—" It embraces a wide range of subjects, and in all the felicity of style and the daintiness and delicacy of handling appeal. It is enriched with an appreciative introduction by Edward Carpenter."

Bristol : J. W. Arrowsmith Ltd., Quay Street.
London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Ltd.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

BALLADS OF OLD BRISTOL

Price **1/-** *net; postage* **2d.**

Transactions of the Bristol & Gloucestershire Archæological Society, Vol. 37, Part II.:—"This attractive little book deserves more than the brief notice which is all we are able to give it. The stories are all told with spirit, with a great sense of rhythm, and many of them with a catching lilt. . . . . The book is a good little book, and all good Bristolians should possess it."

The Open Quest (Magazine of Bishopston Congregational Church):—"A little volume of local lyrics daintily presented in brown paper cover, with excellent print and pleasant little wood-cuts. The get-up is most suitable and delightful. . . . It is refreshing to come across a volume which has the unity of design which these Bristol Ballads show. We congratulate Mrs. Sharland upon using her talent in so definite and careful a fashion. . . . We commend this book very heartily, and trust it may have the wide circulation it deserves. It is most gaily-spirited, sensitive and humorous. There is real romance in it,—the eager experience of love and laughter and battle and prayer and good ale. And as you close the book, it leaves St. Stephen's bells ringing in your ears."

Justice:—"If any of our readers have friends in the colonies who are exiles from the old seaport whence 'Sebastian Cabot sailed out and made its quayside famous,' we recommend them to gladden their hearts and refresh their memories of old 'Bristowe' by sending each of them a copy of this dainty little volume, which is well printed on good paper and illustrated with some delightful vignettes."

Western Daily Press:—"Mrs. Rose Sharland gave us fair promise of her gifts in *Exmoor Lyrics* and *Voices of Dawn* some years ago. She has now unfolded her very best powers, and unless the gods have blinded our eyes and stopped our ears to the ring of real poetry, we shall have much joy in the perusal of these ballads."

Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith Ltd., Quay Street.
London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Ltd.